

3\*

HOMER doth tell, In his abundant verse,  
The long laborious travails of the Man;  
And of his Lady too, he doth rehearse,  
How she eludes, with all the art she can,  
Th'ungrateful love, which other Lords began.  
For of her Lord, false Fame, long since,  
had sworn That NEPTUNE'S monsters bad  
his carcass torn.

4-

All this he tells. But one thing he forgot!  
One thing most worthy his eternal Song!  
But he was old, and blind ; and saw it not:  
Or else he thought he should ULYSSES wrong,  
To mingle it, his tragic acts among.  
Yet was there not, in all the world of  
things, A sweeter burden for his  
Muse's wings,

5«

The Courtly love, ANTINOUS did make!  
ANTINOUS, that fresh and jolly Knight!  
Which of the Gallants did undertake -To  
win the Widow, had most Wealth and  
Might, Wit to persuade, and Beauty to  
delight!  
The Courtly love he made unto the  
Queen,  
HOMER forgot, as if it had not been.

6.

Sing then> TERPSICHORE ! my light MUSE !  
sing  
His gentle art and cunning courtesy!  
You, Lady! can remember everything,  
For you are daughter of Queen MEMORY !  
But sing a plain and easy melody,  
For the soft mean that warbleth but the  
ground, To my rude ear, doth yield the  
sweetest sound.